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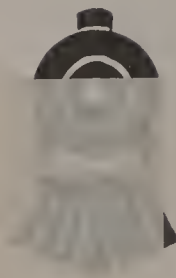
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American Books

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"I am an Indian!"



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SPOTTED DEER'S PARTY



Little American Books

Spotted Deer's Party

by *arildan*
Bertha M. Rhodes



Pictures by
Eleanore M. Hubbard

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Little American Books

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SPOTTED DEER'S PARTY

SPOTTED DEER was a little Indian boy. He lived with his father, Chief Yellow Robe, his mother, Red Indian Paint Brush, his little brothers, Rain in the Face, Golden Eagle, Buzzing Bee, Hopping Rabbit, Laughing Dog, and his sisters, Firefly and Morning Cloud.

Their teepee stood beside the Big Shining Water. When Spotted Deer and his brothers and sisters took hold of hands they could almost reach around the teepee. There were enough of them to have a party.

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Little Spotted Deer wanted to have a party. He wanted to invite all his little brothers and sisters. He wanted round yellow cakes for his party. Mother Red Indian Paint Brush had no flour with which to make cakes. Chief Yellow Robe went out in his canoe and caught fish for their dinner. Mother Red Indian Paint Brush gathered berries. They all ate and were filled, except Spotted Deer. He was still hungry.

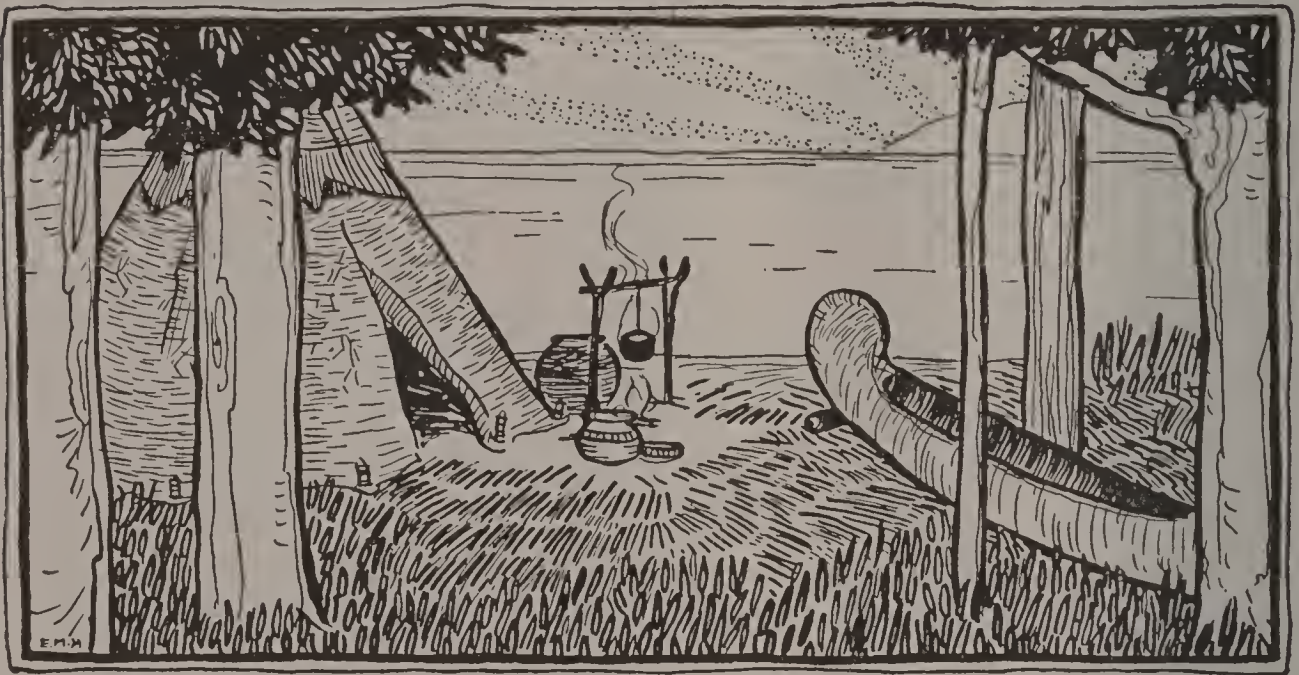
When night came Chief Yellow Robe, Mother Red Indian Paint Brush, Rain in the Face, Golden Eagle, Buzzing Bee, Hopping Rabbit, Laughing Dog, Firefly and Morning Cloud lay down on the ground in the teepee and went to sleep. When they were on their beds they just let go of themselves for they knew their beds would hold



ELEANORE MINEAH HUBBARD

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them up, since the whole world was underneath them. Spotted Deer lay down with them but he could not let go of himself; he was thinking of the cakes.



Evening Star looked down through the hole at the top of the teepee. She loved the Indian family and called them her Sleeping Star Cousins because they always went to bed in the form of a star, heads in and feet pointing out.

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“What is the matter?” whispered Evening Star in Spotted Deer’s ear. “Do you want a party?”

“Yes!” said Spotted Deer, right out loud!

All the little brothers and sisters opened their eyes and Chief Yellow Robe grunted. Then all was quiet, for little Indian boys and girls do not talk after they go to bed.

“Would you like a party every day?” whispered Evening Star. “With yellow cakes for all your little brothers and sisters?”

Spotted Deer nearly sprang to his feet. “A party *every day!*”

“Once upon a time,” continued Evening Star, “Golden Sun had a treasure. One night, when he was away, a field mouse hid this treasure. Since then he has spent half his time hunting for it. He has never been

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able to find it. If you and your little brothers and sisters will find this treasure and hide it where the sun can reach it and the field mouse cannot see it, you shall have a party with yellow cakes every day."

Spotted Deer knew he should need to be very wide awake the next day, so he let go of himself and fell asleep.

Early the next morning Spotted Deer called a council, or meeting of his brothers and sisters. They sat in a circle upon the ground and talked. They were all eager to help.

"How can we find Golden Sun's treasure?" asked Rain in the Face.

"We must watch the field mouse," said Spotted Deer, "and see where he has hidden it."



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“How shall we find the field mouse?” asked Golden Eagle.

It was the rule of the council that no one should speak excepting when he had something to say, so they sat in silence, thinking.

“I hear animals walking over the hillside,” said Hopping Rabbit, at last, his ear close to the ground. “I hear animals skipping among the trees; I hear animals running over the sands and I hear animals munching in the fields beyond the hills, but I cannot tell which is the field mouse.”

“I see animals running over the sand,” said Golden Eagle, as he looked far, far away. “They are not field mice. I see deer on the hillside, but I cannot see through the trees or in the fields on the other side of the hills.”

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"I smell squirrel in the tree tops," said Laughing Dog, "and I smell mice in the field beyond the hills."

They took the trail leading to the fields.



Spotted Deer led the way; the others followed, going one by one, after the fashion of Indian children. When they reached the field they found nothing there. The mice had heard them coming and had run away.

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However, they had left their tracks behind them and there were plenty of mice trails leading in every direction.

“Which trail belongs to the field mouse that has hidden the treasure?” asked Spotted Deer.

“I know,” said Golden Eagle. “This one is the trail, for the tracks made by the front feet are plainer than those made by the hind feet, which shows this mouse was carrying something heavy; besides the trail is well worn, showing that he has traveled it many years.”

One by one the children followed the trail in and out among the bushes and trees. It was just wide enough for them to set one foot straight in front of the other as they walked, but little Indian children never toe



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out as little white children do, so that made no difference to them. They had not gone far when Hopping Rabbit stopped suddenly.

“Wait!” he whispered. “I hear a buzzing!”

They all stood still. Sure enough! A little honey bee lit upon the wild roses which Morning Cloud held in her hand. When the bee had sipped the honey from the flowers it flew straight up in the air, circled round and round, and then darted away in a bee-line for the hollow tree where the bees kept their honey.

“Oh,” said Golden Eagle, whose sharp eyes had caught every movement, “it flew right over the trail. We may find the bee tree farther on.”

It took the children very much longer to



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reach the bee tree than it did the bee, for they had to follow all the turns and curves of the field mouse's trail.

It was nearly night when Hopping Rabbit again said:

“I hear a buzzing sound above me!”

Far up at the very top of the tree was a little hole which was the doorway to the big hollow inside where the bees lived and stored their honey. A little black bear was standing under the tree. He was listening to the buzzing, and looking at the hole, and wishing he could reach the honey.

As night came on clouds covered the sky and it began to rain. You could not see your hand before you, it was so dark. Rain in the Face led the way. The other children followed, keeping together by holding to



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each other, so that none of them would get lost.

Rain in the Face's little soft moccasined feet could feel the least change in the ground, for the trail was worn hard from travel and the ground beside it was soft with fallen leaves. Sometimes the wind blew hard, and once a tree snapped and fell across the trail. Rain in the Face felt out the way with hands and feet, and led them safely by all danger.

At last they came to a rocky cave back of a waterfall.

"We will rest here," said Spotted Deer, "and dry ourselves."

"Look!" cried Firefly, in surprise. As she spoke a little firefly which had hidden among the leaves on her branch flew out and sent

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bright beams of light through the cave. There, against a ledge of rock, stood a little Moon Maiden. In her hands she held two baskets, one filled with lumps of gold and one filled with kernels of corn.

“I do not know which is Golden Sun’s treasure,” said the Moon Maiden, in answer to the children’s questions, “but you may take either basket you wish, and if you choose the right one I shall be free to go back to the moon. However, you cannot touch them until after you have made your choice.”

Spotted Deer and his brothers sat down to think. How could they tell which basket held Golden Sun’s treasure.

“They must be very heavy to hold,” said Spotted Deer, as he looked at the Moon

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Maiden. "I would help you but I may not touch them. Is there any reason why you can not rest your hands in mine?"

"None whatever," said the Moon Maiden. "I should be very glad to do so." Spotted Deer stood before her. She placed her hands in his.

The left hand, which held the basket of gold, was very heavy. The right hand, which held the basket of corn was much lighter.

"I am ready to choose," said Spotted Deer. "Give me the basket in the right hand." As the Moon Maiden placed the basket in his hand, she disappeared. She was free.

"How did you know which one to choose?" asked the little brothers and sisters.

"I knew," said Spotted Deer, "that the



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gold was too heavy for the field mouse to carry alone, and the trail was too narrow for two mice and a basket to get through. So the treasure had to be in the lighter basket."

When the children reached the bee tree the next morning, they found the wind had blown it over, and the little bear had ripped open a hole large enough for him to get at the honey. But he could not eat it all and there was a great deal of honey left.

"Let us count Golden Sun's treasure," said Spotted Deer, when they again reached the fields. "We can do it this way. We will lay it in piles with just as many little pieces in each pile as we have fingers on one hand, and just as many piles in a row as we have fingers and toes."



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The children had just finished counting out the corn when Laughing Dog smelled the field mice. Hopping Rabbit heard them coming, and Golden Eagle saw them in the distance. There wasn't time to pick up the scattered kernels of corn, so they scratched dirt over them with their fingers, patted it down, and ran away. When they went back again to look for the treasure, they could not find it.

The next time they searched, the fields were covered with little green shoots which were poking their noses up through the ground. Every time they visited the fields the green stalks grew higher, but they could not find the treasure.

One day, when the green stalks had grown way above their heads, Buzzing Bee



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broke off one of the yellow ears and opened it. Inside it was covered with little yellow kernels just like those they had hidden in the ground. He tasted it. It was sweet.

“Hurrah! hurrah!” they cried. “We have found Golden Sun’s treasure, and it is good to eat!”

They carried some home to show their father and mother. Chief Yellow Robe went out with great baskets and gathered the corn and took it home. Mother Red Indian Paint Brush ground it between stones until it became meal. Then she mixed it with water and baked it into golden cakes upon the hot stones. When the cakes were nearly done she stood them up against sticks around the fire, to brown, and spread more cakes on the stones to bake.



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Spotted Deer invited his brothers and sisters, his mother, Red Indian Paint Brush, and his father, Chief Yellow Robe, to his party.

Chief Yellow Robe went into the woods and brought honey from the bee tree, and they all sat around the fire and ate golden cakes and honey.

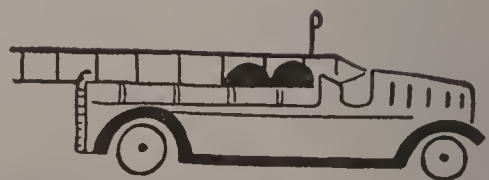
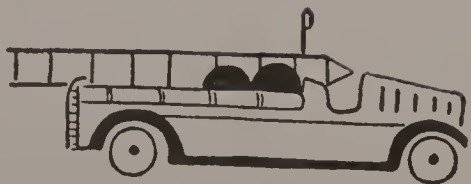
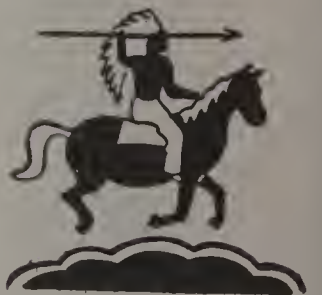
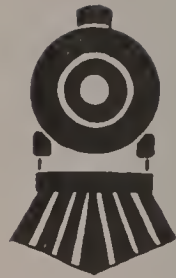
As they were eating, the Moon Maiden and some little Palefaces came to eat with them. Spotted Deer filled their pockets with corn and their hands with cakes. When they had eaten all they wanted Father Chief Yellow Robe played the drum while the children and Mother Red Indian Paint Brush danced.

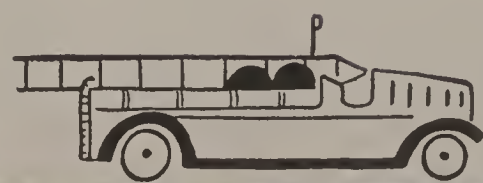
The Palefaced children's people planted the corn, and to this day they have all they

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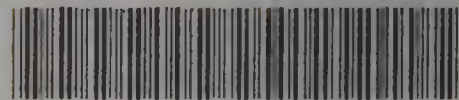
need; but Spotted Deer, Rain in the Face, Golden Eagle, Buzzing Bee, Hopping Rabbit, Laughing Dog, Firefly, Morning Cloud, Mother Red Indian Paint Brush and Father Chief Yellow Robe have a party every day, all because Spotted Deer chose the basket which contained Golden Sun's treasure.







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